

Norwich Bulletin
and Courier.

113 YEARS OLD.

Subscription price, 12c a week; 50c a month; \$5.00 a year.

Entered at the Postoffice at Norwich, Conn., as second-class matter.

Telephone Calls: Bulletin Business Office, 430; Bulletin Editorial Rooms, 35-1; Bulletin Job Office, 34-1; Willingham Office Room 2 Murray Bldg. Telephone 216.

Norwich, Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1909.

The Circulation of
The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and thirty-five post office districts and forty-one rural free delivery routes.

The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,412
1902, average	5,920
1903, average	6,559
1904, average	7,179
1905, average	7,543
1906, average	7,500
January 9	7,500

WON.

Congratulations for Senator Brandegee—the majority of the people of Connecticut hail him as worthy pre-eminence and the title.

Chairman Kenesaw's predictions now stand out as evidence of his knowledge of the future and the figures, if not absolutely verified.

Congressman Hill has been sent to his place as representative of the Fourth district and may be long continued to do good service there.

Let us now forget what Senator Brandegee's opponents have said in defamation of him; and remember the fine words of praise of the ten great senators who spoke well of him.

Senator Brandegee has placed for his ideal and he will make good—he has time to make his goal and will.

He need not be subservient—his good judgment will tell him what is for the welfare of the state and the nation. He will co-operate with the progressive forces of the government.

Senator Brandegee is a constructionist, not an obstructionist, and will be a force for the promotion of the best policies of the republican party.

He returns to Washington with the confidence and support of the people and is assured of their hearty good will.

J. HENRY RORABACK'S EXAMPLE

J. Henry Roraback, the manager of Hill's campaign against Brandegee, is certainly a brave man if not a wise one. He is the first postmaster of the state to openly disrespect instructions from Washington to play an open and daring political part.

He could not expect that his live partisan conduct would be approved by the postoffice department in Washington if it is by the republican faction of Connecticut which he represents. His political conduct prompts one to wonder if under Taft the postmasters will be permitted to resume the old practices of many years ago, the neglect of the business of the public.

Postmaster Roraback did put great energy into the Hill campaign and he is to be credited with having done his best, and now, what is he going to get for it?

It will be interesting to note what comes of "obnoxious political activity" under conditions over which he seemed to have no personal control.

THE STORM GOV. WOODRUFF

WOODRUFF.

Governor Woodruff's little farewell business address has created a furor among the oyster growers of Connecticut who are enjoying large privileges for so little return to the state. Anything which affects private interests touches a tender spot, and Mr. Henry C. Rowe of New Haven announces in the New Haven Leader that "the oyster growers have no objection to the appointment of a commission to find out the facts, provided the oystermen are not compelled to pay the cost of the investigation."

As nothing has been said about making the oystermen pay for a commission, that seems to be irrelevant; and as to the objection or permission of the parties in interest, it has no bearing upon the case.

The comparative figures shown by Governor Woodruff furnish the basis for an inquiry into the opening of the oyster grounds to all bidders might show whether they are worth more per acre rental or not.

There is no reason why an inquiry of this kind should be prolonged or expensive; the opening up of the grounds by the state when the rentals are so low is a waste of money and to be renewed to all who desire to bid, certainly would show whether Connecticut oyster beds are as desirable as Rhode Island oyster beds, and worth as much money.

As a problem the oyster bed issue does not show anything so very knotty.

With the school children of New York, "Little Women" is the most popular book, while Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" stands at the foot.

A Washington correspondent says that Roosevelt grows more youthful looking every day. He worries others, not himself.

It is noted that the greatest and most expensive weddings give least encouragement to the soothing syrup manufacturers.

UNFORESEEN RESULTS.

The new liquor law in Rhode Island which has greatly reduced the number of saloons to be licensed in that state, while pleasing to a majority of the citizens appears to carry despair to those who depend upon the saloon business for a livelihood. In the city of Providence in the past week two men have committed suicide for no other reason than that they could not procure a license to sell liquor. This is an aspect of the case which is new, but from a selfish point of view, natural. When a citizen has his means of making a livelihood suddenly taken from him and he has no means of maintaining himself or his family, it does not make any difference as to the nature of the business, his distress is as deep if it is the rum business as if it was the most respectable business on earth.

This is interesting, but, of course, it is nothing against the passage of the law. It simply shows that men should be qualified to earn a living other than by some special and questionable avocation—that they should know how to work for a living and be self-sufficient. It also illustrates that patience and hope are good attributes—had both of these men waited instead of acted in rash despair, doubtless a way of support would have been found in the world for them.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

Tuesday marked the 66th anniversary of the death of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and as an event not wholly devoid of interest the press gave it special attention. A Boston paper said: "This date is deemed a fitting one to call attention to the national sentiment to renew his old home at the national capital from decay or possible destruction."

"A monument to his memory already stands in Golden Gate park, San Francisco, erected twenty-two years ago by James Lick, and eleven years later a monument was erected by private subscription at Frederick, Md., over the graves of Key and his wife. This national anthem is the only one of his poems that has lived and probably the only one that has deserved to live, though a volume of lyrical efforts by him was published about fifty years ago.

"Even the 'Star-Spangled Banner' is not a production of extraordinary literary merit, but it does breathe a certain inspirational fervor that is a stimulus of patriotic spirit. The circumstances under which it was written certainly protect it from any charge of perfunctoriness. The feeling that it expresses is genuine, and real feeling holds its appealing power, with or without a setting of choice literary expression."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Happy thought for today: Under the most adverse circumstances there is still much to be thankful for.

The latest voice from Panama predicts the completion of the canal in 1915. That is an assuring sound.

Switzerland is an American patron to the amount of twelve or fifteen millions a year.

A telephone girl of Poughkeepsie married a millionaire and now gets \$700 a month alimony.

Tillman expects the solid south to stand by him, and so does the country. It is the southern way.

The man who declined to loan Rockefeller \$4,000 is dead. He became famous for a very common act.

It has been decided that the men of the stone age turned over no new leaves—it took too long.

The year 1909 appears to hold the same old hope for the insurance companies. It makes a glowing start.

The temperature is 24 degrees below zero at Duluth. They ought to be able to cut ice there.

It was expected that Senator Tillman would charge the president with malicious conduct. The country would have been disappointed if he had not.

The New York judge who sentenced a man to stay at home for a year may have given him the severest punishment possible.

It is not at all likely that Senator Tillman is the only abuser of the franking privilege. A correction of the abuse may save millions.

The aliens coming into the country brought \$18,000,000 last year, which will offset some of the millions sent out.

There are times when candidates for office must feel as if they do not want to be as silver; but they thicken up later.

Ben Tillman does not think that Harrison is a senator, but he is all right for use when nothing else will do.

Since congress has put part of Roosevelt's message on the table, an exchange advises congress to immediately get under the table.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Maps and Views Wanted.

Mr. Editor: In looking up material to make lantern slides for a talk to be given next week before the Norwich board of trade on the development of Norwich, I do not find certain maps and views which I have reason to believe are in existence somewhere in the town. I should be very much obliged to you if through your kindness you are able to secure copies of the following:

(1) A map of Norwich made in 1825, or at an earlier date.

(2) A view of the port of Norwich, looking down the Thames river from Jail hill. A poor reproduction of such a view found in a drawing made by Mr. Coit is given in the first edition of Miss Caulkins' History of Norwich.

(3) A map showing the streets and houses of the city of Norwich between 1784 and 1800. At this time there were three village sites, Bean Hill, or Westville, old Norwich (now Norwich Town), and the Landing or Chelsea.

(4) Prints or drawings earlier than 1850 giving views of any part of Norwich, Conn., Jan. 11, 1909.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

Not Without Precedent.

Governor Lilley has not resigned his seat in congress for what may be termed a good reason. The law vacates his seat through death, resignation or other cause a special election shall be called by the governor to fill the vacancy. In the present instance that would mean a useless outlay of about \$30,000, or about \$500 a day for the services of a new man until March.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

THE LAND OF SILENCE

Perhaps you have been in Georgetown; if you have it is a place you will always remember. Nestled in a bowl-shaped valley of the Rockies, on the line of the Colorado and Southern, just east of the famous Georgetown loop, the little town lies, sheltered by the mighty mountain walls which have silently watched the ages come and go.

Great is the army of toilers that has made this review before these gentle hills, and many a monument has been cut from their weather-beaten ridges to mark the resting place of heroes who have gone. But somewhere, entombed in that mighty wall of rock, rest the ashes of one whom Georgetown has not forgotten.

It was in the early days of the little mining town—days when the lure of wealth drew men away from the cities into the mountain fastness—among the village of a few log cabins began to grow and spread across the valley. The shafts of the mines were driven up the tortuous gorge of clear creek and into the valley, forming an artery which connected the embryo town with the mountain fastness.

Days that Georgetown first heard the name of Archibald Rayner.

"Wonderful stories," with shaggy beard and brow, he appeared to the curious looters at the depot like a lion from his native plain. Men looked at him and wondered. Two hours later they looked at each other and wondered more. A quarrel had been started in the clearing, and when the smoke had cleared away a few startled natives who looked on from a safe distance saw the new-comer standing grimly in the middle of the clearing.

He was a man of a different type, a man of a different breed. There was some talk of a lynching, but men looked on the stranger and thought better of it. So Rayner became known as the "big man."

In the mines he took the most daring risks, but always without a mishap. He was a man of a different type, a man of a different breed. There was some talk of a lynching, but men looked on the stranger and thought better of it. So Rayner became known as the "big man."

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the big man was listening intently. It was a rainy evening and there was a service in the little church. Softly out of the quiet night the words of song came, and Hudson heard the man beside him catch his breath.

"Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to tread the distant scene; one step enough for me."

"My mother used to sing that, back east, once," said the miner, and Hudson noticed that his voice trembled a little. "I wish I could," he continued. "Come!" and they hurried downward into the town.

The work in the mine went forward next day with its usual roar of machinery and shriek of drills. The ore cars were loaded, hurried away, and returned empty for reloading. Men were toiling and sweating, and always the shaft was gnawing its way into the heart of the rocky mountain. Suddenly the din ceased. The drills were withdrawn and Rayner began ramming the sticks of dynamite into the smooth, round holes, while the rest of the men sauntered slowly back along the shaft. Jack Hudson alone remained to assist him in the tamping and setting of the fuses. This done, the fuses were lighted, and the two men turned toward the entrance of the shaft.

"Get behind that timbering there, don't look very good to me," remarked Hudson, pointing to a place in the tunnel ahead, where the timbers were sagging dangerously. "Some day there's going to be a—"

A sudden crash drowned the rest of the sentence. A huge silent form fell from the ceiling, and the shaft plunged into the darkness. Hudson uttered an exclamation of horror.

"The roof," he cried, "the roof's caved in, and there's that blast lighted!"

Rayner pulled a small flash light from his pocket and swept the walls of the shaft.

"Here, Jack, quick!" he shouted. "Get behind that bit of ledge," and he shoved his companion violently behind a projecting ridge of rock. "It's only large enough for one, but the blast goes off it may save you. I'm going to try and cut that fuse."

"But you," gasped Hudson. "What's to save you from that flying rock?"

"Nothing," the big man called back, as he sprang forward into the darkness and dashed toward the lighted blast.

Numb with horror, Hudson watched the little spark of light as it darted up to the end of the shaft, halted and brought out the fuse. "Look out that way, the surviving man out into the sunlight and laid him down upon the grass."

His glance, in a dazed sort of way, took in the little group of men, the blue sky above and then turned toward the mouth of the shaft.

"Where's Archie?" he asked, laboriously.

Bill Donovan, the foreman, wiped his eyes on his handkerchief and said: "He's gone, Jack," said he gently. "He must have got caught in the blast."

"And he made me take the only safe place. He did it to save me," murmured the injured man. "Poor Archie."

For Hudson knew that the big man had passed on from the world, and had entered the Land of Silence.

Boston Post.

thing but this shop. I haven't read my Bible for months. I am too tired to go to church or to lodge. I hardly know my own son and daughter by sight. All my friends are dropping me because I don't have time to go to see them or write to them. I am gulping down the cup of life without tasting it. In reaching out after new responsibilities I neglect the obligations that I have already accepted. Here they are, to take care of the rewards of living that are mine if I will only stop to enjoy them. It will put backbone into my

4. Governor Lilley is withholding his resignation to save the state that expense.

Now a Washington correspondent sends out word that congress is stirred up over the failure of Mr. Lilley's resignation to show up and may take formal notice of it. In the entire history of the house," says the despatch, "there has not been a similar case."

It may be the first time in the history of congress, when David B. Hill was elected senator from New York, that he held the office of governor of that state until his term expired and was thus in exactly Mr. Lilley's present position. Whether he did it to save the state the expense of an election to fill a brief unexpired term, we don't recall, but if he did he was quite justified. Mr. Lilley's enemies in congress will only make their vindictiveness plainer than ever if they press this matter and force an explanation before the country.—Waterbury Republican.

The Committee Hearings.

The proposition to have a Connecticut legislative record with a stenographic report, to be issued daily, is all right and will put the big men and the little men of the session on record, all alike. But what is to be done about the committee hearings? Every year, and more and more, the work done is decided in committees and the real legislative battles are fought out there. There is where the interest centers very much of the time and it would be impossible to report the hearings along with the regular transactions of the senate and house. It is obvious that the handy reporter must continue to do his work at the hearings, and must make known what the influential men who procure the reports that are in a great majority of cases, the things done.—Bridgeport Standard.

The Fox and the Grapes.

A fox came upon some grapes in an arched vine and tried repeatedly to reach them, there was nothing doing.

"There are lots of others just as good within easy reach," "Oh, no," said the fox, with a good deal of his head; "those high ones that I can't reach are the only ones that look good to me."—Smart Set.

TOO BUSY.

"Mr. Biggers," began the bookkeeper, "I have been with you ten years and I know," said the proprietor. "In all that time I have never asked you for a raise in salary or imposed upon your kindness in any way."

"You have been a model employee, James, in every respect. I have no fault to find with your work, and as far as I know you can reasonably count on keeping your position if you continue to give satisfaction. But don't ask me for an increase in pay. James, I simply can't afford it."

"I don't ask for more pay, Mr. Biggers," said the bookkeeper. "At the beginning of the year, as I take stock of my life, I find that I have been letting myself get too busy. Every year I have voluntarily added to my duties here, partly through loyalty to you and partly through self interest, until now I discover that I have no time for any-

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resolve if you will lift about \$15 a month out of my pay."

"James," said Mr. Biggers, seizing the young man warmly by the hand. "I congratulate you. I envy you. Go to it and good luck be yours. You will be the better workman for it, and I will therefore, with your permission, raise your salary by exactly as much as you ask me to lower it."—Newark News.

What a Wife Should Avoid.

"Don't give your husband money," is the advice of one of the best known feminine advisers of the press. She allows that the best man in the world begins to dislike the sweetest woman in the world when she begins to give him money, and she cites several concrete cases to prove her point.

There was one lady who earned money and gave it all to her husband, and at the end of three years he barely deserted her. On the other hand, there was a lady money earner who got deeply in debt, and when her husband found it out, this feminine adviser said, "you never saw a man so dejected in your life."

Hence Miss Black—for the feminine adviser referred to is, indeed, she—advises that a woman who wishes to make her husband happy and contented is to make him believe that his wife is a poor, helpless creature who could not possibly get along without him, and who would probably be in prison for debt if it were not for his financial advice and assistance.—Providence Journal.

The New Commercialism.

Just what does it mean to live as Christ would live, the motto of the movement inaugurated in Cleveland?

"Sacrifice," that timbering there, don't look very good to me," remarked Hudson, pointing to a place in the tunnel ahead, where the timbers were sagging dangerously. "Some day there's going to be a—"

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